

Poetic Use of Blood Raymond Pettibon \$2



COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

"But how weak Anatomists they were, which were so good Embalmers."

POETIC USE OF BLOOD. COPYRIGHT © 1989 by RAYMOND PETTIBON.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. INSTRUCTIONS: RAISE THE HEAD. REDUCES THE BLEEDING.

FIRST EDITION.

LET ME SHARE,...

A GOOD KNIFE IS HARD TO FIND,

NOT A NICK ON IT,

HE SIMPLY HAD TO KEEP IT.



INSTEAD OF KISSING IT, HE PRESSED THE FLAT EDGE AGAINST HIS FOREHEAD.

A GOOD KNIFE IS LIKE A FRIEND THAT CAN BE COUNTED ON. TO THE HILT.

JOE ()
EDNA
JOE ()

EDNA
JOE:

JOE:

Dist


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MIL
FAY;

MIL
FAY;

MIL
FAY;
MIL
FAY;
MIL
FAY;

MIL
FAY

on, and the flat fact is, you've been drafted.



50 DOLLARS A DAY,
PLUS EXPENSES --
A LOT OF MONEY
IN THOSE DAYS!

OUR FIRST KILL IS LIKE A
SHOTGUN BLAST FULL TO THE
FACE.

THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE -- MOVE ON
(READ ABOUT IT TOMORROW.)

BUT THE THING, BEFORE I GO FURTHER, REQUIRES SOME
MORE CIPHERING OUT, MORE EXTRACTION OF THE SUBJECT,
OF THE DRAMA -- IF SUCH THERE REALLY BE IN IT.

TILL IT SMELLS.

WE ARE WORTH MORE THAN
JOURNALISM.



OR WOULD YOU RATHER STARVE TO DEATH?
THE SPIRITUAL ENTERS OUR BODY
THROUGH THE STOMACH.

OUR VEGETARIAN
COMMUNE TREATS ITS
VEGETABLES WITH SPERM,
PRAYER, ACID ROCK, AND
LOVING KINDNESS,
WHEN THEY DON'T
RESPOND WE KNOW
WE ARE OUT OF TUNE
AND THAT WE MUST
UNSELFISHLY SACRI-
FICE ANOTHER.

GOD MUST FEEL THE
HUNGER, TOO.

FOR A SACRIFICE.

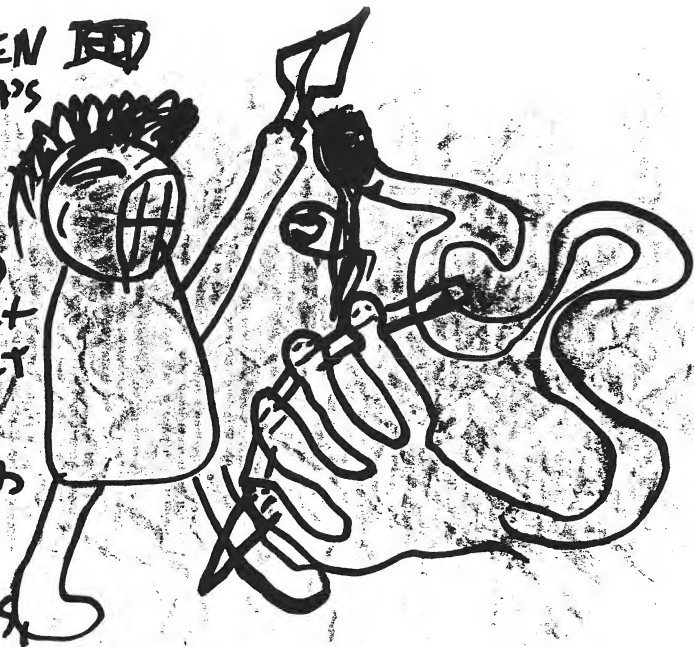
A BLOOD SACRIFICE,
A PIG SACRIFICE,
A HITCHHIKER SACRIFICE,
A RUNAWAY SACRIFICE,
A PRETTY GIRL SAC-
RIFICE,

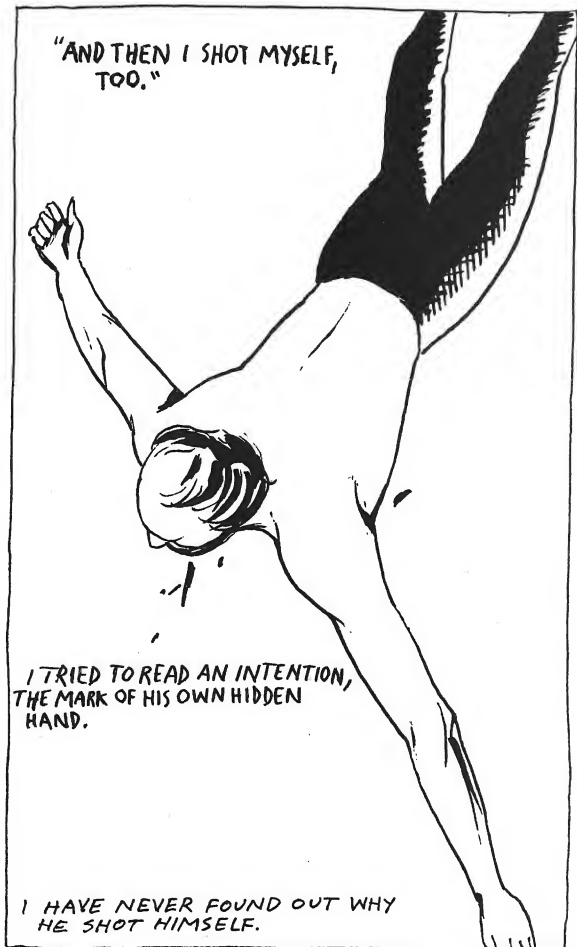
WHEN WE
HAVE THE
MUNCHIES
THAT BAD WE
KNOW IT IS
TIME....

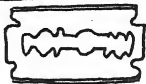
546 TIMES.



WHEN ~~RED~~
HYDRA'S
DEAD
I'M
Going
to let
JANET
PLAY
with
the
heads







I HAD NO IDEA IT WOULD CHANGE
MY LIFE SO COMPLETELY.

PROMISES MADE NOW.

SQUEEZING FISTFULS OF CREAMY WHITE
LATHER THROUGH HER FINGERS.

SHE HELD ME TO IT.



THUS MARKS PRACTICALLY THE MID-
DLE OF MY TALE.

"WHEN WE GET TO LOS AN-
GELES YOU ARE ON YOUR
OWN."

HOAGUE: You've told me nothing.





LIPSTICK.

IT PUT ME
IN THE DOG-
HOUSE WITH
CAPONE.

DO I HAVE THAT MUCH BLOOD IN ME, TOO?

WITH A CHILD'S PLEASURE ON COMING
ACROSS THE INCIDENT FOR THE FIRST TIME.



I WISHED FOR A
CAMERA,

UNTIL YOU HAD TO
SEE IT FOR

YEARS OF PROTEST

JOE: What can I do?

A STRANGER TO ME.

AND I'D NEVER THOUGHT THAT
MY SON COULD WEIGH SO MUCH.



BUT I MUST GO BACK
AND PICK UP THE THREAD.

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EDN
JOE:
EL

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YOU CAN MAKE GOOD MONEY IN CONTRACT-KILLING.

THE FINER ETHICS OF THE DUEL NEVER QUITE TOOK HOLD IN AMERICA.



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IA: V
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IA: N
bac
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A: W
The
IA: It
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A: W
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WELL, YOU NEEDN'T.



50 MEN CONFESSED.

THERE WAS A CROWD OF PEOPLE AROUND
WATCHING.

HE WAS SQUASHED BETWEEN
THE PAGES.



...out on the ground a day

SHE COULDN'T RESIST MUSSING UP
MY HAIR.



HOAGUE: Tell me how Toni Vella is involved.

SINCLAIR: Who said she was involved? Did I tell you that?

WHILE YOU
THINK OF ME.

ARE

WAITING FOR THE MORPHINE.

NO. I

FIND
HATE

SOMEHOW COULDN'T
IT IN MY HEART TO
HER.

ALL THE OLD FEELINGS CAME BACK WITH THE
LOSS OF BLOOD.



YOU'RE GOING TO THINK OF ME EVERY DAY
WHEN YOU MISS YOUR EYE.

HIS NOSE WAS BLOODY AND TEARS WERE
RUNNING DOWN HIS FACE.



THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1979, LRC 113
1:00 p.m.

CAREER GUIDANCE CENTER PROGRAM

Cannon

1 1 5 1 1 1

COLLEGE READING PROGRAM

1 1 5 1 1 1

THE WATER
TURNED A
BRIGHT PINK.

THE WATER
TURNED A
BRIGHT PINK.

DRINK OF
CUP.

DREAMS TAKE THE PLACES OF SIGHT.



AN IMPRESS WHICH I STILL RETAIN.

YOUR GUILT IS WRITTEN ALL OVER YOUR HAND.



Man. that was like a woman in a man's suit.



lary

VA. HE GOES WHERE THE BUSINESS MEN GO TO GET STATIONS,
liquor stores. In Washington, D.C., seven of ten
armed robberies are committed by heroin addicts, and
two-thirds of the District's murders. There's a war

IT PASSED THROUGH THE BODY OF JESUS FIRST.

I TRIED TO READ HIS EYES
FOR ANY SIGN.



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with ha
A: Yes,
'sudden
Edna,
Left v
this H
A: Get
I'll be
There
MITCH
You
(Abra

covered
indust

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LER: V
Yes,
peopl
extrac
just h
Garb
L: I'm
No, y
cutthr
omers
L: Or it
Cigar?
L: Than
Drink?
L: Ditto
I like
pollac
misch
L: If yo
(patting him on the knee). I like you, Edna.

"THIS BOOK IS HOT, BLOW-TORCH HOT." -- PHENIX
CITY DAILY NEWS.
"WHAT AWFUL SECRET? THE ENDING WILL HOLD YOU TAUT WITH
EXCITEMENT." -- KENNETH BURKE.

HE JUST LAY THERE.

HIS LAST TWENTY-
FOURTH OF A SECOND.

I COULDN'T
STAY THERE
WITH HIM
FOREVER.

THE END.

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